

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Enter King Henry.

King. How now *Buckingham*, is *Yorke* friends with vs,
That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?

Buck. He is my Lord, and hath discharg'd his troopes,
Which came with him, but as your Grace did say,
To heaue the Duke of Somerset from hence,
And to subdue the Rebels that were vp.

King. Then welcome cousin *Yorke*, giue me thy hand,
And thanks for thy great seruice done to vs,
Against those traiterous Irish that rebeld.

Enter Master Eyden with Iacke Cades head.

Eyden. Long liue King *Henry* in triumphant peace,
Loe heere my Lord vpon my bended knees,
I heere present the traiterous head of *Cade*,
That hand to hand in single fight I slue.

King. First thanks to heauen, and next to thee my friend,
That hast subdued that wicked traitor thus.
Oh let me see that head that in his life
Did worke me and my land such cruell spight,
A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled lockes,
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,
Presageth warlike humors in his life.
Heere take it hence, and thou for thy reward
Shalt be immediately created Knight.
Kneele downe my friend, and tell me what's thy name?

Eyden. Alexander Eyden, if it please your Grace,
A poore Esquire of Kent.

King. Then rise vp *Alexander Eyden*, Knight,
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,
Beside the firme reward that was proclaim'd,
For those that could performe this worthy acte,
And thou shalt waite vpon the person of the King.

Eyden. I humbly thanke your grace, and I no longer liue,
Then I proue iust and loyall to my King.

*Exit.
Enter*

Yorke and Lancaster.

Enter the Queene with the Duke of Somerset.

King. O *Buckingham*, see where Somerset comes,
Bid him go hide himselfe till *Yorke* be gone.

Queen. He shall not hide himselfe for feare of *Yorke*,
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.

Yorke. Who's that, proud Somerset at liberty?
Base fearefull *Henry* that thus dishonor't me,
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me:
I cannot brooke that Traitors presence here,
Nor will I subiect be to such a King,
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,
Resigne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me,
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,
For now is *Yorke* resolu'd to claime his owne,
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throne.

Somer. Proud traitor, I arrest thee on high treason,
Against thy soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false *Yorke*,
For heere I sweare thou shalt vnto the Tower,
For these proud words which thou hast giuen the King.

King. Thou art deceiu'd, my sonnes shall be my baile,
And send thee there in despite of him.
Hoe, where are you boyes?

Queene. Call *Clifford* hither presently.

*Enter the Duke of Yorkes sonnes, Edward the Earle of March, and
crooke-backe Richard at the one doore, with Drum and Soldiers: &
at the other doore, enter Clifford and his sonne, with Drumme and
Soldiours, and Clifford kneeles to Henry, and speakes.*

Cliff. Long liue my noble Lord, and soueraigne King.

Yorke. We thanke thee Clifford.

Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.

Cliff. Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King.
What is he mad? To bedlam with him.

King. I, a bedlam franticke humor driues him thus
To leuie armes against his lawfull King.

Cliff. Why doth not your grace send him to the Tower?

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Queene.